Healthy People Sometimes Laugh

sufferings of dyspeptics, and say that their pains and distresses are This is not meant for cruelty, but it is cruelty, all the same. who has a crooked foot, or a wounded hand, or a sightless eye, forth sympathy by the exhibition of the defective member. If the etics sufferer's stomach could be placed on exhibition, the cause of The man with a troublesome stomach often suffers quite as much as

The man with a broken leg, but is far less likely to receive sympathy.

Sympathy is good for sufferers, as far as it goes. But Brown's Iron

Legs is better, for it strikes at the root of these troubles, and cures dis-Disappointed dyspeptics, weary of having tried many experiments beking cure, will do well to make one fair trial of Brown's Iron Billers, report the result. That this well-tried family medicine will thus diminthe quantity of human suffering is an established fact.

IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES.

tow receiving the handsomest assortment of FALL and WINTER GOODS
the has ever shown in this marke. She invites the Ladies to call and see these
the Everything usually found in a fillinery Store in stock. I think I can give satthe store of the store o

AMES M. PAYNE

MESS, BRIDLES, COLLARS, SADDLES, WHIPS, &C.

EEE Goods have been made up AT HOME. I have also Machine Goods made of the best material and workmanship, which I will also offer at LOWER PRICES pan be bought anywhere in the State. I don't keep Shoddy machine work. I guardiffeeds sold in my Shop at unprecedented low prices. I am determined the state of the state o

ill foods sold in my Shop at unprecedented low prices. I am determined to be undersold by any one.
The the largest stock of Horse Goods that ever was in Anderson. ALL I WANT spile Public to call and examine before buying, and they will be convinced that I GHEAPER and BETTER Goods than any one, because I understand my business briggs naterial and made up Goods. I sell hand-made Harness from \$10 to \$30, Making market at retail. I also make WAGON HARNESS a specialty. I have all the pay any one to give me a trial before buying elsewhere, and satisfaction guarden all Goods sold in my Shop.

JAMES M. PAYNE,

Over Wilhite & Wilhite's Drug Store.

J. P. SULLIVAN & CO., NO. 12 GRANITE ROW.

BOOTS and SHOES. E. sght for Cash from some of the most reliable Manufacturers in the

country, we are enabled to sell them at the very lowest rates.

as, Knitting Cotton and Clark's O. N. T. Spool Cotton. The Best in the market. We want everybody to come in and listen to our prices.

Good Coffee a Specialty.

13, 1883

J. P. SULLIVAN & CO.

LADIES' STORE!

ITER an extended trip by the Louisville Exposition, Cincinnati, Niagara,

IISS LIZZIE WILLIAMS

IS AT HER OLD PLACE WITH A HANDSOME LOT OF

NESS GOODS, HATS, NECKWEAR, GLOVES,

SHOES OF EVERY KIND AND QUALITY. busiected her SPLENDID STOCK in person, and is ready with her accom-and assistants to wait on the public.

Sabas determined NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD. Give us a call and be con-

ALL AND WINTER GOODS

Now in Store and to arrive a A FULL STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES, HATS AND CAPS, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, HAREWARE, SADDLES AND BRIDLES, CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE, BAGGING AND TIES, a full supply always on hand,

ACID AND BONE ASH. First-class Fertilizers for small grain.

ALL of which I will sell LOW for Cash or Earter. Give me a call before buying, at 10 Granite Row.

W. F. BAER. pt 13, 1833

ANDREW & PREVOST, ARE RECEIVING DAILY A LARGE STOCK

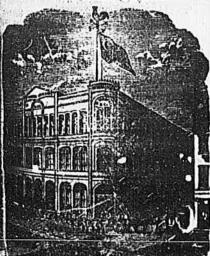
RY GOODS

NOTIONS,

SHOES, BOOTS.

WE have a Large Stock, and have marked them down at BOTTOM URBS. Try a Barrel of our "SELECTION" FLOUR, which we claim has wal in the City.

All Goods guaranteed, and delivered FREE of charge had jumits.



Grocers in Liquons

POSSESSED OF A DEVIL.

How Uncle Pompey Felt That He Had Been Trifled With.

From the Washington Sunday Post.

"Mars William! O Mars William! Please come over to daddy. Come quick, Mars William. O lordy! daddy's dying. He's conjured an' he'll die afo' we kin git dar. O lordy, what shall I do!"

I looked up. Before me wildly gesticulating in his excitement was a little darkey. His eyes relled back in his head till only the whites were visible, and tears as large as marbles streaking the dust as they plowed down his smutty face. He was bare-headed, his only garment a pair of enormous trousers, father's old ones, held up by a cotton string passed over his black shoulder; and even this garment I think had been donned for the present occasion. I had donned for the present occasion. I had been swinging in my hammock under the shade of a formosa tree, watching the ruby-throated humming-birds as they darted bither and thither among the crimson fragrant blossoms, listening to the sleepy hum of the summer's day, and wondering if a southern sur made and wondering if a southern sun made one always so lazy and dreamy, when my reverie was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of this little imp of dark-

"What is the matter with you, Jim? And what is the matter with you, Jim? And what is the matter with the old man?" said I, for I now remembered to have seen the boy before. "Is your daddy dead sure enough?"

"He aint dead, but he's mos' dead, case he's conjugal. I dealed he's drive.

case he's conjured. I declar' he's dying. Olordy! Please come 'long Mars William

an' git dar' ato' he do die."

Thinking that the old man had probably been stricken with "harvest colic" I hastily caught up a flask of spirits and followed the little fellow across the fields, down by the "new-ground," and up the hill to old Uncle Pomp's cabin. Our progress has been slow, since Jim was obliged to navigate the seat of his trousere very carefully among the roots and stumps of the "new ground," but upon nearing the cabin at length, we were made aware by the commotion that there was trouble in camp. Pete, Jim's counterpart, was seated upon an upturned basket holding a naked baby in his arms, which but for the decided animation it evinced might have been mistaken for the original "tar baby" his beed these the original "tar-baby," his head thrown back, his body swaying to and fro, and both howling like mad dervishes. The dogs, that ever present part of the south-ern darkey's family, discovering that something unusual was occurring, had gathered before the door and set up a chorous of long drawn howls. It was evident that if Uncle Pomp were not already dead this music would soon finish him. As we entered the cabin door ties of the cabin door ties of the cabin door. door the old man was lying on his bed, his eyes rolled up in his head and groaning as though already in "torment." Aunt Dinab, his faithful wife, was at his side rubbing his body with a small black

"Bress de Lord, Doctor, you's come at last!" she said. "Come do suppen for my old man. Here I's been a rubbing him wid dis witch charm fur an hour, but it don't seem to do no good nowise. He's conjured an' 'twon't do no good. I was afeared he would a died afo' you

A very slight examination sufficed to show that there was really little or noth-ing the matter with the old man and that physically he was as well as he had been any time these sixty years. But as he still continued groaning and rolling his eyes I administered a doze of the spirits which I had brought with me. He apparently revived a little at this and be-

gun to pray most vehemently.
"Stop praying a minute, Uncle Pomp, and tell me what is the matter with you," I said, now thoroughly puzzled as well as amused. But his eye rested upon my flask and be grew rapidly worse. It required no therapeutic knowledge to to the old fellow.

"I's conjured! conjured!" he said, as he revived under the stimulating effects of the ardent. "Yes, Doctor, I's conjured. Dat blasted ole witch, nigger Peggy, don't do nothing else but conjure folks. She libs up dar in de woods by herself, leastwise wid nobody else but de debil, and jes worrits dis whole country wid her conjuration, an' she's bin gitten' wasser an' wusser dese ten year. 'Toth-er day she came here an' I told her to take ner rotten carcass offen my lan', dat I nebber wanted to see her here no mo', I did. Den she went out dar to de gate mutter an' she grumble, she did, an' pint her cane an' wave her han'; den my ole 'oman, dat's my old 'oman, dar, sir, my ole 'oman she say, say she, she's accusin' an' aconjuring you. Den we run in here an' shut an' barred de do', an' hung up som mo' horse shoes—you see 'em up dar now. But I didn't git in time' nough as I know'd den, an' de charm is jes' abeginning ter wuk. But if de debil jes' let me off dis time ef I don't go fur dat ole 'oman wusser 'en a sick kitten fur a hot brick! What make me know the a witch? Lee' litter! A int I seed she a witch? Jes' listen! Aint I seed what she bin up to dese ten year? An' didn't Brer Mose watch her one night?

Dat he did. He thought he'd see, so he went an' hid hisself, he did."-"What is you doing ter dat chile, Pete?" broke in Aunt Dinah, for while at my arrival the dogs and Pete had suspended their performance the baby had never for a moment ceased, and was now fairly waking the echoes with his howls. Pete was swinging him with might and main, but the black arms and legs were flying about in the air in every possible direction, while he poured out yell after yell like a young Comanche.

"What you doing ter dat brat, I say?
Don't you hear me?"

"I ain't doing nuffin ter der chile, mamma; I 'clar I ain't, it's jes' de debil in him; he's bin akickin' an aclawin' so as a mule couldn't ho!' him."

"You knows you bin doing suppen to dat chile, you knows you is, jes' fer ter make him holler. Bring him here to me. Now you go take dat hoe an' dig dem

'taters afo' I bus' yo' ugly black head wid a brick."

shet it easy, an' dar shot nuff de witches wus, same as three bats flying round an' round inside de barn. He jump on 'em an' beat 'em wid his stick, but de Lor'! you can't kill a witch by beatin' on 'em. You kin bust ebery bone in 'em but you can't !:ill 'em dat way."
"Dat's the truf, sho' 'nuf," broke in

Aunt Dinah "But jis' as I wus a saying, continued the old man; "he beat 'em an' beat 'em, but dey wus afraid ter change deyselves when anybody was alookin', but at last dey slip out from de keyhole. Den Brer Mose he started out too, but no sooner had he dun got outen de crib do' dan de ole witch dun change her celf, au' whatten she do but it is tournesself, au' whatten she do but it is tournesself. ten she do but jis pounce on him wusser ner a hawk on a june bug, an' alo' he know'd what de matter wus she dun got a bridle in his mouth an' wus ariding an' a beating him same as he wus a mule. What make he didn't knotch her? Lor' honey! you don't know nothin'. When a witch once gets a bridle in yo' mouf you can't help yo'self no meern if you

wus a mule.' "Dat's so ole man," and I heard Aunt Dinah's lips smack as if she too were having an attack of conjure.

"If de ole witch had let Brer Mose off wid jis' a beatin' he wouldn't akcered so mouty much, but while she was aridin' an' abeatin' him de tother two dun gone an' fotch a bag o' corn an' put it on his shoulder an' was agwine fur ter make him tote it off fur em. But 'bout dat time Mars Anderson he hearred de rumpus de witches wus akickin' up an' he up an' come out fur ter see what de debil wus ter pay. But no sooner did Mars Anderson come around de corner o' de crib, but de witches up an' cut, an' Brer Mose he did not know what de matter was so he up an' cut too and Mars' Anderson right arter him. But de Lor' Mars Anderson was too fat to keep up wid Brer Mose far. He come right ober ter tell me an' my ole 'oman 'bout it de nay' day case Brey Mose was too fat to nex' day, case Brer Mose was afeard it mout git out an' 'pear like as he went dar after de corn, an' Brer Mose would abated dat, 'case he allers gits up de big meetings, an' he kin pray de mostest powerfulest prayer an' bring mo' sinners ter de mourner's bench dan any nigger dat eber I seed.

"Dat he kin. Bress de Lord fer it," said Aunt Dinnh most fervently.
"But Mars Anderson neber did find out who 'twas, an' Brer Mose allers wus stone, and praying as fast as ever she afeard ter tuk de corn back. Dat ebening he went ober to de old 'oman's house, an' sho' nuf, she was in bed an' so so' from de beatin' in de crib dat she couldn't turn ober, an' de young ou's neber been hearn on since, nor none o' her kindred-

"Does men turn witches, too? Well now dats persackly diswise. Men kin jes' turn ter witches enough fer ter move deyselves about quick; but dey can't opperate de tragedy on folks same as women witches. I ain't got much confidence in men witches; dey moughty po'. De, bes' witches is dese yer old women what go gowering an' wranglin' animosities from one house ter anodder. De bes' 'oman witch as eber I know'd used ter debil my ole master. She'd come ebery night while dey was at supper. Dey could hear her light on de shingles when she would come riding on a broom, ge-blip, same as a cat; den she'd drap from a crack in de roof on de jice boards, ge-blump. She used to catch old Mars when he'd go out o' nights and ride him, perceive the required remedy now, so I an' when he'd git home he'd be so tired poured out a liberal dram again and gave he'd do jes' same as if he was drunk. he'd do jes' same as if he was drunk. Old mistis said he was drunk, but he allers swore 'twas de witch what dun rode him. Ole mars said 'He'd fix that rode nim. Ole mars said 'He'd fix that hussy. So he sot a trap, same as dey cotch roguing niggers wid, right under de hole whar she drop fra'. Well, dat night he hear her come go—blip down on de shingles, den she drop on de jice ge—blump, den de old Mars heared de trap go snip. 'I's got her,' he heller'd 'I's got go snip, 'I's got her,' he holler'd 'I's got her' an' he grab a stick an' run up de ladder ter de lof' but no sooner did de

light shine in at de lof' do', but flip, she was gone."
"Is there no way to kill them, then, or to get rid of them," I ventured to in-

"Well now, dat's suppen else. Dar aint but one congenial way fur ter kill 'em, dats by drawing der pictur' on a white oak tree in de fork o' de road an' shootin' it wid a silver bullet; dat's de only conjenial way as I ever heard on ter kill 'em dead, but ef ye jis gib' 'em a drap o' blood from de eend o' a black cat's tail, it will kill de witch part o'

'em.
"Jis' as soon as I gits up from dis here bed I'll git a silver bullet an' ef I don't kill dat ole witch den she kin kill me. But o' lordy ! I's afeared I's neber agwine fur ter git up again, case she's put de 'goofer' (a word used by the negroes to express the highest degree of anything)

on me."
The old man had been sitting up in bed while talking, but remembering that he was conjured fell back and began to groan, and pray again. But upon re-course to the flask he revived enough to tell me what the charm was that had

been set upon him. "It's a lizard, Mers William, it's a lizard, I kin feel it a running about all my arms an' even up in my head. He jis runs an' claws all de time. I kin feel nim now same as I wus a lookin' at

home no "patient" of this kind had ever come under my care, but the idea occurred to me to humor the old fellow and see if in this way he might not be relieved of his disagreeable fancy. So telling him to lie still while I prepared my wid a brick."

"Well, jes' as I was agwine on fer ter say," continued Uncle Pomp, when the baby had at length become quite. "Brer Mose went au' hid hisself near de house fer ter watch, he hid hisself under de of his tongue a considerable twitch I at the same time firsted the ligary of the same lig fer ter watch, he hid hisself under de woodpile, he did. Well, jes' 'bout 12 of his tongue a considerable twitch I at woodpile, he did. Well, jes' 'bout 12 the same time flirted the lizard out of or my hand upon the floor. He grumbled fearfully at the pull; he knew something had two daughters at dat time. Dey come outen, dey did, an' climb up to de crown o' de house, an' tuk de clo's offen 'em, den dey smeared deyselves wid de debil's grease, talkin' all de time 'bout sho dev was agwing fur to ride dat night who dey wus agwine fur to ride dat night and whar dey wus agwine. But de more dey greased dey-selves de more inhuman de gowering get, till Brer Mose say he witch Peggy had sent to devil Uncle de gowering get, till Brer Mose say he couldn't make outen a word dey-said. At last dey squat down on de ridge-pole; den de ole 'oman say 'Under thick fro thin;' Brer Mose know'd den dat dey wus agwine fer ter change ter bats, case dat meant, under bick leaves, fro thin a'r. Den de ole woman say, 'Here goes gusher', an' de young 'uns say 'Arter,

you gusher', dats what witch folks allers says for ter change deyselves. Den dey slipped dey skins ober dey heads an' changed to bats, an' went off same as bullets. But dat ain't all by a long sight. Brer Mose den heared 'em say whar dey was agwine, so he up an' gits a big stick an' follers as he could tar, case dey said dey wus gwine to Mars Anderson's corner crib fer ter git some corn. Brer Mose he had a key ter day crib, so he jus' slip up without making any noise, case he didn't want de witches to know he was acommin'—I'm telling the trut now—he slip up, he did, unlock de do', went in an' shet it easy, an' dar shot nuff de witches

KING COTTON.

What He Has Done and Might Do.

We make the following extracts from the greatest article H. W. Grady ever wrote for the Constitution :

at the feet of the corn-raisers of the West and the money-changers of the

Her farmers made the cotton crop The meat and bread they made it with they brought from Iowa. The money that enabled them to buy the bread and meat they got from New York. Their impledence, other people grew rich by feeding and clothing them, by making everything for them, from pins to pianos. In the meantime the crop they raised from hand to mouth gave America the balance of trade against the world, and made specie resumption possible. Its manufacture made New England populous and busy, and old England mistress of trade and commerce. The south grew poorer and poorer, the soil grew thinner, and farms and homes more and more dismanted. and homes more and more dismantled. Now what cotton might do for us, i

With the proceeds of last year's cotton crop, we might have put four cotton factories where only one stands to-day. We might have duplicated every shop, mill, and furnace in the cotton States and spent fifty million in new industries. This would have given work to every idle hand in these States and started a swelling tide of immigrant artizans who would find good wages and steady work awaiting them. We might have invested besides. fifty million farm improvements and stock. After all this we should have had more than a hundred millions to spare. from the receipts for one year's crop of one single staple. There are three things necessary to be

lst. On the edge of every cotton field let there stand a corn crib and a smoke house! Set them in front of the gin house. Unti! they are filled, never let it be fed. No amount of energy or enterprise can make prosperous a land in which farming does not mean first of all things, the making of grain and grass

and meat.

2d. We must manufacture, small things as well as great, at home. The richest of farms, no matter how wisely their crops are pitched or tilled, cannot make prosperous a land that deals solely with raw personal and raws tribute on all it uses material and pays tribute on all it uses

to distant workshops and factories.

3d. We must stand by our home industries. No amount of capital or skill can build up varied industries in a thinly populated section, against the competition of established industries in competition of established industries in the competition of establi populous regions, unless they have the earnest and persistent support of a home

constituency.

Here then is work—and glorious work comprehensive class-The farmers, the manufacturers and the trading public. The work of each compensates the other. The farmer makes the basis on which the others compensates the other makes the basis on which the others build. The mechanic gives to the farmer his implements and supplies and provides for him a market. They both maintain the trading public, which in turn, absorbs or distributes what they because When they have all looked produce. When they have all locked hands and hearts and sympathies, are entered the great struggle for Southern independence, then, and not till then, they will achieve a victory, the beneficence and glory and grandeur of which the brave men who died under Lee or Jackson never dreamed of, and for the winning of the half of which they would have estermed their sufferings well as

have esteemed their sufferings well en-dured, and their lives well lost. A Mother's Disappointment.

A Detroit lawyer who had business in one of the northern countries a short time since put in a night at the farm house. I' was a long structure containing two rooms, and such furniture as pioneers get along with. The family consisted of an old man, his wife and a girl of twenty, who was slashing around barefooted and had a fist like a slugger. After supper the old woman took in front of the lawyer and suddenly ask-

"Do you wear such fine duds all the time?

"All the time, madame."
"Is that a real diamond in your

"And I heard you tell the old man you had a horse and buggy at home?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"And that watch and chain are rea

gold, I suppose?"
"Yes, the real stuff."
"Cost as much as \$200?"

"Yes, over \$300." "My stars! Why, you must get a much as \$40 a month and board!" sh gasped.
"Madame, I sometimes make \$50 per

day," he placidly replied.
"Shoo! Why, you are worth a thou-sand dollars!" "Yes, ten times that." "Stars and stars!" There was an interval of silence as the recovered from her amazement.

Then she tiptoed to the corner of the house to see if there were any evesdroppers. Coming back she walked up to the lawyer and dropped her voice to a whisper and said:
"Say! We've bin saving Sally these last two years for the boss of a saw-mill four miles up the creek, but if you are

I'll run the old man six .niles through the brush after a preacher to do the splicing !" The lawyer had to decline on the grounds of having a wife in Detroit, and the old woman felt so bad that the hus-band had to rise at midnight and makes

One voice all over the land goes up from mothers, that says, "My daughters are so feeble and sad, with no strength all out of breath and life at the least exertion. What can we do for them?'
The answer is simple and full of hope One to four weeks' use of Hop Bitters will make them healthy, rosy, sprightly

- Pay your subscription.

PHILOSOPHER ARP.

The Rich and Poor Farmers. Atlanta Constitution. Georgia is a right good old State, and it is right for her people to be proud of her, but sometimes I think we brag most too much about it. Georgia is going ahead in enterprise, and has a salubrious climate, and a law-abiding, Christian people, and I for one am content to live and die here, and I don't want my children to move away. But Georgia is a long ways behind in her agricultural interests. I have been looking over a roport of the grain crops of all the States that was compiled at Washington, and I don't feel flattered very much. This report covers every county in every State, and I find that two courties in Illinois made more corn than our whole State, and one county made as much wheat as our State. Isn't that sad?

Just think of a small county growing three million bushels of wheat, and all of Georgia raised but a few bushels more. Think of one State growing three hundred and fifty million bushels of corn. Iowa averages thirty-seven bushels of wheat to the acre, and Georgia averages senabled them to buy the bread and meat they got from New York. Their implements came from Illinois and Pennsylvania. Their fertilizers from the chemical works of the East and distant islands of the occan. They furnished the ground and the sweat. While they toiled in poverty and in the humiliation of dependence, other people grew rich by feeding. Georgia say it costs eight cents a pound to make it and we get about nine or nine and a half for it. Our sales are big but what are our profits. And now comes an off year, a year of drought which cuts down the average still more. Cobe says he is afeared that corn will go to five dollars a bushel. Cobe don't keep up with the times. Cobe goes back to the year when the failure of a crop did run up the price enormously, when there were lots of Jacobs who had to hitch up their teams and go away off to some Egypt country to buy corn. But it is not so now. Railroads have brought the great granaries of the Northwest to our doors, and corn is about as cheap now in Georgia as it was when we made

a full crop. Corn is cheap enough, and the only trouble is in finding a little money to buy it with. If Cobe can't raise the half a dollar how is he going to buy a bushel of corn? The trouble generally with our average farmers is that they are not rewarded for their labor. Every compon before. bor. Every common laborer ought to get one dollar for a day's work. Agood, honest day's work in the field is worth that much at least, but they do not get half of it, making cotton on rented land. The poor are obliged to keep poor. I traveled with some Illinois men the other day and the poor are obliged to keep poor. I traveled with some Illinois men the other day and the propose of the difference between the Newton the State of the second t between the North and the South among the laboring classes—the tenants who farm on rented land. They got better paid for their work and soon were able to get land of their own and build a cottage and go ahead. Fifty acres is a good, big farm up there. Families make a good living on twenty acres, for they put part of it in truck, and can sell anything they give the good living the grant of the grant o thing they raise. They are a more thrifty people. They spend less and work more. A few farmers make money down here, but it keeps ten men poor to enable one man to get rich-when one gets ahead he can keep ahead. It is like money making money. The first thousand dollars is harder to get than the next two thousand, and so if a farmer can just get a start with land and stock and implements, he can keep on and make money. Here and there you can find a farmer who starts with nothing and works up and makes money, and it looks like if one can do it others.

-some are shifty and some are not, some are ambitious and some are sleepy and indifferent. Nevertheless, it is an up hill business for a poor man to farm. There is not much inducement for a young man to try it if he has no capital -and so he goes to clerking or traveling for somebody, for he can do that without capital. If a man has a thousand dollars he can buy him enough land to farm on and can stock it and then he has got a home and can raise hogs and cattle, and chickens, and get his wood for nothing, and can work up to independence if he is any acccount; but in my opinion a poor man had better hire out and tack himself on to some clever, rich man, and sorter belong to him. The original Bill Arp used to say that he had rather belong to Col. John A. Johnston than to be free, for he said the Colonel's wife throwed away enough vitels and clothes to do his children, and they was always nigh enough to pick 'em up. There is nothing wrong about this relation of the humble poor man to a rich and generous landlord. The poor man loves to lean npon his rich employer for help and pro-tection and advice, and the rich man is proud of the poor man's homage. So it is all right where the rich man is not mean and the poor man is not proud. There are not many men who do not depend on and look up to somebody. I asked Bill one day how he was going to vote and he "didn't know until he had asked Col. Johnston, and the Colonel wouldn't know until he had consulted ludge. Underwood and the Colonel wouldn't know until he had consulted Judge Underwood, and the Judge wouldn't know until he had heard from Alek Stephens, but how Alek found out how to vote he be dog'd if he knew." reckon about half the people ought to sorter belong to the other half anyhow, and the niggers especially without any "sorter." We are all of us in some kind of slavery anyhow whether we like it or not. There is slavery at sea among the sailors, and slavery on land among the soldiers, and our children owe to us absolute obedience until they are twenty-one. Slavery is not such a bad thing after all. The children of Israel had slaves but it was only for seven years, and then the slave went free unless he didn't want to, and in that case his master led him up to a door post and punched a hole in his ear with an awl and put a gold ring in it and he was a slave for life. Just so when a man and woman get married now-a-days, it is a kind of voluntary slavery and there ain't much

difference, except that the rings are put on the fingers. They both belong to one another for awhile, until they find out which is the best man, and then the best man runs the business. I know lots of married men who are wearing rings in their ears, but I never knew one to ac-knowledge it. I havent't got one in mine I know, for I always could make Mrs. Arp do just exactly as she pleased, and she can't make me do anything unless she wants to—for I am stubborn, powerful stubborn sometimes I was talking about all this to a smart, prosperous farmer the other day, and he said the good farmers who were able to farm, made at least twenty-five bushels of corn to the acre in North Georgia. That it was the poor men who cut down

the average. A poor man said he can't farm to advantage. He has to put up

proved methods. The Southern Cultiva-tor is worth fifty dollars a year to a poor man. It saves me I know a hundred dollars a year. We have got to learn from one another, and the Cultivator is the medium of exchanging our experi-ence. But unfortunately the old preju-dice against "book larnip" still exists among the poorer and uneducated farmers; until our farmers learn to read and do read, I believe it is better for them to hire to the richer class and learn from them how to farm.

An Appeal.

EDGEWOOD, November 1st, 1883.

To the Women of South Carolina: Oa the first of May, of the present year, as Vice Regent for our State in the "Ladies' Mt. Vernon Association," I made an appeal to your patriotism, asking your assistance in the effort to raise funds to "restore" and furnish the Carolina Room in the mansion of Washington, at Mt. Vernon. I organized by appointing as far as I could a Lady Mana-ger in each County, by and through whom the contributions could be for warded to Mayor Courtenay, of Charles ton. Since that time, the following sums have been gratefully received and

acknowledged: acknowledged:
Mrs. Sheppard, on account Edgefield,
\$58.45; Mrs. Bacon, on account Rich-land, \$131.06; Mrs. Perry, on account Greenville, \$165.65; Mrs. Witherspoon, on account York, \$19.45; Mrs. Munro, on account Union, \$68.15; Mrs. Murray, on account Anderson, \$73.25; Mrs. Means, on account Spartanburg, \$112.85; Mrs. George Beach, of Hartford, Conn. n memory of Ann Pamela Cuningham the inspiration and first Regent of the Mt. Vernon Association, \$20.00. Total,

\$648.86. I have also encouraging promises from Charleston, Abbeville, Fairfield and other Districts. The general result so far might seem discouraging, but I cannot so regard it, knowing as I do the obstacles in the way of such work, and the many demands on the time and energies of Southern, we can in the care ergies of Southern women in the new and trying order of their own domestic lives. The response has been most generous, and in thanking the Lady Managers and the people of these Districts who have already acted, I feel an earnest who have already acted, I feel an earnest hope that their fair and honorable example will be followed throughout the State. The time in which we have the privilege of securing this historic room to South Carolina grows short. A few months must decide whether we retain it, or whether it lapse to Rhode Island, one of the original thirteen States. Hence it is that I appeal once more to Hence it is that I appeal once more to your patriotism, and to your energy. Surely it is an object worthy of accomplishment—the having our State identified in a manner worthy of her history and renown with the home of Washington. So, that the thousands and thousands of visitors from all parts of the world, who annually repair to Mt. Vernon to do homage to "America's great heir of fame, her dearest son of noblest memory," may no longer behold as the memory," may no longer behold as the one blemish on the beauty and harmony of his home, the room over which is written South Carolina. It now presents a forlorn and neglected appearance. A recent visitor thus described it in a letter

to a leading newspaper: "The uncared for condition of the South Carolina room is a source of con-South Carolina room is a source of constant with land and stock and implements, he can keep on and make money. Here and there you can find a farmer who starts with nothing and works up and makes money, and it looks like if one can do it others can but there is something in the breed of folks just like there is in cattle and hogs—some are shifty and some are not, some means to 'restore' them, and now the room of every State, save South Caroli na, has been appainted, refrescoed, and provided with furniture. Handsome paintings adorn the walls of the large Banquet Hall in the East wing, belong-ing to New York; Massachusetts, Penusylvania, and others of the original thir teen States have bad their rooms properly and handsomely arranged with modern and antique furniture, and even the States of the far West, that have not been so fortunate as to secure rooms, have sent emblematic coats-of-arms, inscribed with their names, to the aged mansion, to show their veneration for our first President. This apartment, which was Washington's femily dining-room, is now provided with a marble centre table, of modern make, a smaller table in the Southwest corner, pointing towards the tomb, a large mohair sofa, three stuffed chairs, of different make, and two smaller chairs, one cushioned, and the other an American cane bottom A large sideboard of extremely ancient make stands near the door opening into the hall, and on it are two curious silver and knife cases. Ten pictures and en-gravings hang upon the walls. The floor is covered with soiled and much floor is covered with soiled and much worn matting, and instead of a rug, an ungainly piece of oil cloth is spread in front of the fire-place—the ancient andirons are kept filled with oak and pine wood, the favorite fuel of Washington. The fire-place is never used, for the mansion is now heated by flues during the winter months. The paint on the wainwinter months. The paint on the wain-scotting and tall ancient-looking black mantle is, in many places, scaled off by the ravages of time. The only articles now in the room which were there during Washington's life, are the sideboard and silver and knife cases, which stood then exactly where they now stand, conven-ient to the table in the centre of the room. The dilapidated condition of this room is in striking contrast with the graroom is in striking contrast with the gor-geous appearance of the Georgia room adjoining it. This room was the favorite in-door resort of Washington. It is very conspicuously situated, and if properly fitted up would attract much attention, and he a credit to the State?"

and be a credit to the State." You can understand that "this condition of our room" has been a source of extreme mortification to me, as the representative of the State in the Associavice-Regents in Council have generously failed to press its "restoration," because of my hesitancy to make a demand on our impoverished people for the necessary funds. The time has arrived, however, when we make the first in the same and t when we must rehabilitate it, or give up finally. Which? It rests with you. If you have the will, you have the power. You, whose enthusiasm of State power. You, whose enthusiasm of State love and State pride, has incited far greater deeds—deeds of unparalelled daring and heroism. You, whose courage and constancy and fortitude, has given a new, a holier meaning to the sacred word Country—a fresh splendor to all the highest virtues of womanhood. There is no height your devoted, unselfish patriotism cannot will not reach fish patriotism cannot, will not, reach. No duty, however small, towards your State that your faithful hearts will not reverence. I know, only too well, the difficulties in the work; but I also know the patient strength of your love and

with a poor horse or mule and can't plow deep. He has to pay the merchant who your purpose. In the sense of duty to the State that advances to him a big price for his supplies. He can't by improved implements. He don't take the Southern Cultivator, and therefore don't keep up with im-

borders it lies) to purchase it. On her refusal, he offered it to the Federal Government with like failure. It was then a Southern woman, Carolina's gentle, high-hearted daughter, Ann Pamela Cuningham, appealed to the women of America to do this noble work of homage to him whose greatness towered above the splendors of place, filling the world with wonder—whose stainless worth outshone the grandest attributes of human praise. I think we cannot be faithless to this high record; nor can we see our

heritage of honor in Washington's home pass from our keeping.

I cannot say more. You will realize that, with my responsibility, I could not say less. And I earnestly entreat you to secure success has a contribution. say less. And I earnestly entreat you to secure success by a contribution from each County to the funds now in the hands of Mayor Courtenay, our generous and patriotic Treasurer. This I ask in behalf of the State we love and delight to honor.

L. H. PICKENS,

Vice Regent for South Carolina.

Value of Deep Ploughing. A correspondent of the News and Ob-

server, writing from Asheville, N. C., in regard to flanking a droug at by deep ploughing, says: I cannot ive my practical experience of this see on, as I am not farming now, but can give it of a former one similar in drought to the present. My ground worked was very poor, red, old land. In the first place I broke the ground in the usual way, not plowing any deeper than was customary, then took a two-horse coulter, which was long and, keen, and with that I checked my ground for planting as deep as two large horses could pull. I thought I was running it cighteen inches deep, but I suppose twelve inches would be an average of the depth I plowed. This of course did not them. course did not throw up any of the sub-soil to the surface. As I stated I checked my ground so that I could cross-plow the corn immediately over where the two furrows crossed each other. I covered with a hoe instead of a plow. As soon as the corn was large enough to work I had a long keen blade only two inches in width made which I need in remains. in width made, which I used in running around the corn one way, and in ten days or two weeks I used the same plow running around the corn the other way of the check, each time putting in the plow as deep as a good horse could pull. The next two plowings were done with a common shovel, breaking out the middles which had been left from the two first plowings with the narrow plow. I used hoes but little as the grass did not inter-fere. I depended mainly on deed plow-

As stated, the land was poor and I did As stated, the land was poor and I did not use any fertilizer of any kind. Now as to the result. The corn never wited during the whole season, although the drought prevailed much like this season. Other crops around me wilted badly, and the fodder was completely dead at fodder taking time up to the ear, while mine remained green to the ground all the time. Every person around me was time. Every person around me was done taking his fodder two weeks before I touched mine, and as I stated mine still remained green to the ground. My corn did not grow off very fast early in the season, but seemed to make its growth at the proper time. The result of my practical experience was that I never saw

What She Sold.

A rather fast young man, becoming enamored of a pretty girl, finally decided to make her an offer of his hand and heart—ail he was worth—and then he hoped to be indulged in loverlike demonstrations, the young lady being so far coolly indifferent in her manner toward him. He attributed this to reserve, for it never occurred to him that she was not in love with him. He cau-tiously prefaced his declarations with a few questions, for he had no intention of "throwing himself away." Did she love him well enough to live in a cottage with him? Was she a good cook and bottle washer? Did she think it a wife's duty to make home happy? Would she consult his tastes and wishes concerning her associates and pursuits in life? Was associates and pursuits in life? Was she economical? Could she make her own clothes, etc.? The lady said that before she answered his questions she would assure him of some negative virtues sho possessed. She never drank, smoked or chewed; never owed a bill to smoked or chewed; never owed a bill to her tailor; never stayed out all night playing billiards; never stood on the street corners and ogled giddy girls; never stood in with the boys for cigars and wine suppers. "Now," said she, rising indignantly, "I am assured by those who know that you do all these things and it is rather about former. things, and it is rather absurd for you to expect all the virtues in me, while you do not possess any of them yourself. I can never be your wife;" and she bowed him out and left him on the cold doorstep a madder if not a wiser man.

Salt for the Throat.

In these days when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, remarks he exchange, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a most effectual, if not positive cure for sore throat. For many years past, indeed we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subject to a dry hacking cough, which is not only distressing to ourselves, but to our friends, and those with whom we are brought into husiness contact. Last Fall we were induced to with whom we are brought into husiness contact. Last Fall we were induced to try what virue there was in common salt. We convenced by uring it three times a day—morning, nor and night. We dissolved a large teaspoonful of pure table salt in about a half a small tumbler full of water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds, but the dry hacking cough had entirely disappeared. We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat. Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle have an impression that it is unpleasant, but after a pression that it is unpleasant, but after a few days' use, no person who loves a nice clean mouth and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite, will abandon it.—Exchange.

— About seventy-five per cent. of the soldiers in the Union Army during the war were natives of the United States; nine per cent. German, and seven per cent. Irish.

Contagious diseases, malaria, liver complaint, are all prevented by using the gentle but powerful tonic Brown's Iron